

THE INDEPENDENT

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HELENA, MONT., OCT. 9, 1889.

THE rooster hath his victories in peace as well as in politics. The Great Falls Leader, which pulled down its defiant bird when the election returns showed republican defeat, now runs it up over the news that Great Falls is to be a great railroad center and future metropolis.

THE report of the state auditor of Ohio shows that there has been a decrease of 134,579 in the number of sheep in that state in the last year. The deduction is that sheep growing on high-priced lands must be abandoned and that the wool must be grown on the western ranges where land has little value for other purposes.

NEW YORK is not likely to get the World's Fair. In the first place it has no public spirit or local pride; and in the second place it is not a representative city. Washington, as the national capital, or Chicago, the most typical American city, should have it. Chicago is preferable for many reasons, not the least of which is that the visitors to an exhibition there would be sure to diffuse themselves over the great northwest and thus become informed, broadened and made more cosmopolitan.

OUR esteemed and brilliant contemporary, the Anaconda Standard, contains this interesting information:

All the newspapers are saying that the "Big Four" spent Sunday in Anaconda. It is true they were here, and when they strolled about the Montana they looked as much like winners as any quartette this city ever saw. They were a sort of forty-to-thirty-one air during every moment of their visit, and it is safe to wager that any one of them was ready to read "the number two hundred and two" and not smile at it. We do not hear that rooms have been engaged at the Montana for the "little four." What a very little four it is, to be sure—you couldn't even run a luminous and deadly parallel on it.

Now for that water supply question. Let us have it settled before winter sets in. Next spring we shall have big accessions to our population. Capital will be seeking investment in the city. Manufacturers will be looking around for places to locate their plant. We must convince these people that we have not only sufficient water for the present needs of the city but ample supply to meet any demands from a rapid growth. For a rapid growth we are going to have. The water bids must be fair, open, above-board propositions, comprehensible by every citizen. And the terms of any proposed contract should be made public before it is ratified.

Comments by the eastern newspapers upon the result of the recent election in Montana have been based on reports sent out through the Associated Press by "The Independent." This democratic source of news has not given the republicans credit for so considerable a victory as they won. At the same time it has not claimed for the democrats more than they actually accomplished upon the face of the returns. It is only objectionable in the respect that its reports are tinged with democratic feeling and will give the impression that Montana is to-day far more of a democratic state than it really is.—Helena Journal.

We regret that the fact that the general manager of the Associated Press at Chicago requested THE INDEPENDENT, rather than the Journal, to send out the election news, should cause any ill-feeling to rankle in the breast of our neighbor, but there is no ground for its charge that our reports have been marked by democratic bias. We have sent exactly what the returns showed, and we have also sent the Journal's own claims with due credit to that paper, what the state committees of both parties claimed, and the figures as furnished by both sides. If the notorious unvarnished of the Journal in matters political has caused the eastern public to accept the opposite of its claims as true we are sorry for it, but the fault is not ours.

The disappearance of the surplus, to which President Harrison will have to call attention in his annual message, is creating alarm in republican circles at Washington, and a cabinet meeting has been held to see what can be done to prevent the exposure of the administration's reckless extravagance. Secretary Noble is said to have told the president that under the most economical administration of the pension bureau from now on it would be impossible to keep the expenses under \$100,000,000. He said that the decisions rendered by Tanner and Bussey, most of which he approved of and defended, opened the way for \$15,000,000 over and above the amount last appropriated by congress. Leaving out of the question the reratifications and increases ordered by Tanner, and the increases from \$1 and \$2 to \$4 a month ordered generally by the commissioner, and which the secretary said he did not approve of, and did not know anything about until he saw the order promulgated in the press—precedents were established by the rulings of the department during the past four or five months that would necessitate asking congress to provide for a deficiency of \$18,000,000 for the present fiscal year, and appropriate in the future from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year in excess of the last appropriation.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker, too, is reported to have said that he should want a much larger sum for his department. Penny postage, which the republican national convention called for, could not be thought of under the exist-

ing circumstances. Mr. Wanamaker believes, however, that congress should appropriate a liberal sum to subsidize American steamship lines to South American ports. The president favored the subsidy policy and will recommend it to congress. And so runs the surplus away. In not one department of the government has a single official practiced or preached economy or retrenchment.

THE Journal naturally takes the defeat of its party sorely to heart, but it apparently has not yet discerned the true reason for it. Half conceding the election of a democratic legislature, it says: "If it be true that the democrats by a feeble majority of two or three have carried the legislature, it argues no more than this: That in particular counties, upon a county vote, certain democratic candidates ran ahead of the republican state and congressional ticket." The republican party was beaten for several good reasons. The Journal only hints at one of them in admitting that democratic candidates ran ahead of the republican state and congressional ticket. One reason why more democrats than republicans were elected was that the democrats were better men. See how it was here in Lewis and Clarke county. The democratic legislative ticket was far superior in respect to the ability, standing and popularity of its candidates, to that nominated by the republicans. The result was that intelligent voters among the republicans dropped candidates of their own party and supported democrats who were better men. So, too, in other counties the democrats named their representative men and elected them because the wide-awake, intelligent citizens wanted to have their interests in the legislature in competent hands.

But another and very potent reason for republican defeat was that a majority of the voters of Montana did not want any pair of republicans who had posed before them as candidates, to represent them in the United States senate. This may be a bitter thought, but it is a true bill. Before the republican party can win a victory in Montana it will have to reform, send the old leaders to the rear, and show a decent respect for public sentiment.

THE reports of two more financial institutions, which illustrate the growth, progress and solidity of our business community, appear in other columns of to-day's INDEPENDENT.

The Montana National bank shows assets amounting to \$2,065,196.36, an available reserve fund of \$337,000 and deposits amounting to \$1,405,000.

The Merchants' National bank shows assets amounting to \$2,024,125; reserve fund \$724,696, and deposits of \$1,500,000. This institution prides itself on maintaining a larger reserve in proportion to liabilities than the Bank of England. The Merchants' will soon move into its new banking house, one of the finest rooms for the purpose in the country.

CROSS-CUTS.

When you forgive an enemy
The knives that smelt and blister,
The reason then is one of two—
He is a bigger man than you,
Or has a pretty sister.

—Liverpool Post.

Juvenile Customer (doubtfully)—"I'm afraid you haven't any ribbon of the kind I want. Ma'mama said I must be sure to ask for mouse color."

Salesman (equal to the emergency, producing a bolt of fiery red ribbon)—"That's what this is—crushed mouse color. How many yards?"—Chicago Tribune.

The man whose antecedents make
The little he can brag on,
In things pertaining to success
Is apt to be as valueless
As that admitted uselessness,
The fifth wheel to a wagon.

—Lippincott's.

There were only seven cloudless days on the Atlantic coast in September, and in seventeen days there was a rainfall amounting to 1-100 of an inch or more. The heaviest rainfall was .33 of an inch on September 16, and the total fall of rain during the month was 4.66 inches. Since January 1 there has been an excess in rainfall amounting to 7.88 inches. There were thunderstorms on September 16 and 17.

"George," remarked Mrs. Jackhigh to her husband, "who is this Sam Taylor I heard you and Major Johnson talking about? Is he a good waiter?"

"A good waiter, my dear? What do you mean?"

"Well, I heard you tell the major that down at the club the other night Sam Johnson came in with a tray full and dropped his pile, and I thought that he must have been very careless." And then George gazed out of the window with a far-away look in his eyes.—Life.

So far as Mr. Gould is concerned, it is well known that he is incapable of drinking to any extent or of smoking without being overtaken almost immediately by sickness, because his nerves and his blood are in no condition to carry off the stimulant thus taken into his system. There is a story down in Wall street about Jim Fisk having once prevailed on Mr. Gould to accept a very fine cigar, one of a specially imported lot, and to attempt the smoking of it. It made Mr. Gould so deadly sick that he did not appear at the office again for a matter of three days. That cigar knocked out Mr. Gould more completely than the combined speculative brains of Wall street have been able to do.

According to the customs of Chinese society, the wife of the Chinese minister to this country will comb her hair up from her forehead to show that she is married. Her tresses reach to her feet, and so difficult is the task of dressing them that one arrangement lasts several days. For the preservation of the coiffure she lies while asleep on a willow pillow as finely woven as an imported bonnet, shaped like a loaf of baker's bread. The maids dress their back hair in a queue, and arrange a bang, one and one-half inches deep, from ear to ear. A bit of coquetry is displayed by allowing a single lock to dangle loosely in front of the face and over the shoulder. The hair of the Chinese girl is never cut, and, as a result of the

splendid care bestowed, it grows luxuriantly.

Representative White of Illinois, who arose to a question of privilege last spring to deny the printed report that he had drunk water from a finger-bowl at a fashionable dinner, is again reported in a protesting mood. While attending the Chicago exposition a few days ago he strolled into a fashionable restaurant and called for oysters. He did not designate the style of service further than to indicate that he wanted them raw. They were brought to him on the half-shell. Looking at them with a puzzled air he wanted to know how they were fixed.

"On the half-shell, sir," said the waiter.
"Take them back, then," said the legislator. "I pay full prices and want full measure. Bring me the whole shell or nothing."

HEARD ON THE STREET.

"I like the consideration the county commissioners have for one another," remarked an interested candidate, "but I would like to see them dispense with a little courtesy and canvass the returns. This thing of having a small majority, which is liable to take unto itself wings and fly away, is soul-harassing to a man on the anxious seat. A man who knows he is elected, or a man who knows he is beaten, can afford to be philosophical. A man who doesn't know what he is or where he stands is in a frame of mind no one can imagine unless he has been there himself. On with the count and let the truth be known."

"I notice a sign of weakening all along the line," said a politician last evening. "The blow and bully and brag and bluster of the leaders of the g. o. p. has amounted to nothing. The fiercer blows the tempest, the sooner it is over. Some of them by this time have bidden a long farewell to all their imagined greatness, and will henceforth devote their wasted energies towards securing a home in the house not made with hands. A laudable effort in this direction might bring to them peace. But I will stop ridicule. I believe every citizen of Montana, no matter of what political faith, wants to see our state prosperous and great and will work together for that end."

Charles J. Ross, the popular actor with the Fison & Errol Comedy company once had a desire to shine as a tragedian according to a friend of his, who tells how Charley first donned the sock and buskin. His clever travesty on the "The Lady of Lyons" as enacted by him and Miss Mabel Fenton evidently recalls to him the first time he appeared on the stage. Ross was born in Boston of wealthy parents and received a liberal education. He became stage struck and a wealthy young lady of his acquaintance also wanted to go on the stage, and they agreed to form a company and go on the road. Well, the company was raised and started out with Charley and the young lady as stars. They managed to stand the arrows and slings of fortune until they reached the Black Hills, where the actress had all of the road she wanted and returned home, richer in experience and poorer in purse. Charley had grit about him and resolved to stick to his chosen profession. He realized, however, that he wasn't a tragedian and turned his attention to comedy, in which he has made a success. He never lacks for an engagement and will come to the front. It cost him a good deal of money to learn that he must commence at the foot of the ladder, but he learned a lesson he will never forget.

There is an old negro woman living on Clure street who claims to be a Voodooist. She is not held in as much veneration by the intelligent colored people of Helena as she would be by the ignorant blacks of the south, but she does a good business, and strange to say, not with as many people of her own color as she does with superstitious whites. A certain gambler who hasn't made a winning for some time, and who imagined the powers of darkness were in league against him, was induced to give the old sibyl a call and buy a charm which would insure him good luck. The man's success is best told by a friend.

"There was a coon porter who used to be here who got hold of Jack one morning and told him about Aunt Dicey; so he lays off to visit her. I noticed during the day that Jack was anxious to get a stake, and I asked him if he wanted anything to eat on or for room rent, but he said no. He got hold of a sleeper in the afternoon, run it up to \$5 and cashed in. He didn't make his appearance until evening. When he got within about three feet of the table he turns and walks backward to it, turns suddenly around and slaps down \$2 and wins. Well, he had luck that night and quit the game about \$50 winner."

"The next night he comes in and I noticed he didn't use anything but his left hand. He was again winner. The next night he came in and stood by the table but didn't play. He looked anxiously at the clock and just as it struck 12 he threw down \$1 and won. He started to play again but didn't and left. I thought Jack was acting queer so I asked some of the boys what ailed him and they told me he was acting under direction of the voodoo. Then some of the boys put up a job to get Jack out to the springs so we could search his room. The plan worked and a lot of us went through it. We didn't find any rabbit feet, but most everything else. There was an owl which I have since learned was purchased from Graham, the taxidermist, for \$5 and for which Jack paid \$20, little bags, bunches of feathers, pieces of cork, pieces of paper scrawled all over with unintelligible characters, and a horned toad in a bottle of alcohol.

"Jack came back that night, full as a tick and commenced playing. He lost every time and when he had put up his last chip and lost he made a break for his room. Some of the boys followed and saw him get up all the truck in the room, and throw it into the stove, owl and all. If you don't want a fight on your hands you had better not mention Aunt Dicey to him."

A Trout in a Boulder.

Portland Oregonian: Mr. William G. Dillingham, while fishing in Gordon creek a few days since, discovered a beautiful fossil trout, fifteen inches in length, in a huge boulder. Every fin and scale of the fish was as plainly marked in the rock as if cut by a skillful artist. Many people wonder how trout get in streams above high walls. They were doubtless there before the falls were made, as from this fossil it is evident that there were trout in the streams of Oregon in prehistoric ages. Mr. Dillingham intends to go out some day and catch that fossil trout with a hammer and chisel.

INDEPENDENT ASSAYS.

And now they have invented a device for fishing by electricity. A tiny motor worked by a pocket battery has been invented to run the reel in salmon fishing, says the Boston Courier, and to play the fish until it is tired out. It seems hardly fair to the fish, but it will save the strength of the angler, and very likely in time the machine will be perfected so that the fisherman can remain quietly at home reading Jack Walton, while the electric contrivance does the whole thing. Indeed, it is difficult to see why it may not be sent by express to the far away salmon streams while the angler remains inexpensively and restfully in town. Truly, this is a wonderful fish age.

Nearly all the professions are now practically open to women, who, of late, have even gone into prize fighting and the administration of justice. It is but a few days, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, since two young harridans in the wild west had a set-to according to the rules of the ring, and to-day intelligence comes from Warsaw, in Indiana, of a Mrs. Woods there, who is combining in her own person the functions of judge, jury and executive in a highly vigorous way. She had forbidden all the saloon keepers in town to sell liquor to her husband, and, to a man, they had refused to obey her mandate. By way of reprisal, Mrs. Woods is abroad on the warpath, throwing hammers and bottles through the windows and mirrors of the saloons, and asserting her intention to keep at work in this way till the saloon-keepers find it advisable to obey her law to the letter. Another case is reported from Wheeling, W. Va., where a Mrs. Costello, discontented with the conduct of a judge, before whom she was hauled for larceny, seized his honor by the throat, hurled him to the floor, and broke his judicial head. Women will yet see their way clear into, and probably through, every possible field of human activity.

The plan of voting in assemblies by means of the electric current, and thus avoiding the time lost in making divisions, has been before the French chamber of deputies, and a report on the subject was presented by M. Montaut last November, says a London paper. In that report the advisability of employing a machine which would indicate not only the total votes "pour" or "contre" a measure—that is to say the "ayes" and "noes"—but also the number of voluntary abstentions from voting, as distinct from the number of absentees. Such an apparatus has been devised by M. Le Gonziou. On every desk in front of a member is placed a small box fitted with two handles, which the member works when registering his vote. The right hand registers his "aye," the left his "no," and both moved simultaneously indicate his abstention from voting. The results are printed by means of electro-magnets in a receiver, and are visible at a glance. Provision is made for a member to recall and correct his vote during the time allowed for the purpose.

Senator John Sherman, who has just returned from Europe, was asked the other day how Gladstone impressed him—whether he could readily note the action of time upon him between the first and second visits. "Oh, yes," he said, "with years he is growing stout. His mind, though, is clear, and his patriotism for England is undiminished. Then, too, he takes the deepest interest in American affairs, and in his eightieth year is fully posted upon our current events. His risibles were much appealed to by a remark dropped by the shah of Persia. He had celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. Said the shah: 'I congratulate you upon attaining your fiftieth year.' 'But,' Mr. Gladstone, 'you are not faultless. This is not the anniversary of my birth, but the celebration of my marriage fifty years ago.' Then, the shah, with reflection, comprehended the joyousness of the occasion and added: 'Well, I don't know, but that it is better to live with one woman fifty years than with fifty women one year.'"

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, says a Boston paper, and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two men servants would probably be glad to use it. But he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants pleasure.

Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. "Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer, "the men all know you."

So the old gentleman went to the engine house; but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room there was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead, so, at least it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say, in the mildest accents: "I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.

Jack Roberts tells a funny yarn, says the New York Mercury, about the rules of printing offices. It had been posted on the bulletin board of a New York morning paper to invariably put the time of day in figures. This was done to secure uniformity. Jack had departed from the rule once and been admonished by the foreman. He said it would never happen again. The next night an editor, in reading over the proof of an article, thought to improve it by inserting the well-known line of poetry—

"Meet me in the lane, love, at half-past nine."

Well, the proof was passed over to Jack for him to correct, and this is how it appeared the next morning:

"Meet me in the lane, love, at 9:30 p. m."

There was a vacancy in the office the next day.

She Didn't Speak as She Passed Pie.
She looked very sweet
In a tailor-made dress
And a hat that matched the gown.
We flirted a little
I must confess,
Nor did she kill me by a frown.
But that very night,
Ahi! said to tell,
I leave up my hope with a sigh.
She was a waiter-girl
At the big hotel
And she helped me to the pie.
—Washington Star.

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